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attract much attention, and as the soloists are all members of the orchestra, some notion may be formed of the character of the band which Mr. Thomas conducts at Terrace Garden. Mr. Bernstein, second violin in the orchestra, performed David's Fantasia on "La Petite Tambour," a very difficult piece, with much grace and finish. He has an excellent tone, his execution is neat and clear, and he exhibits both taste and sentiment. He gained on each occasion a hearty and well deserved encore. The attendance on Saturday evening was very large indeed. There must have been over 1,500 persons present. The performance was excellent, and the programme popular and pleasing. A concert will be given every night this week, and one on Saturday afternoon. Up to this time these concerts have proved completely successful; but as the weather becomes warmer and more settled, the success will be more marked in its results, for amusements out of doors will become as much a necessity as it is now the fashion.

THE CENTRAL PARK BAND played on Saturday the selection of music announced in the papers of the day. Even as it was, however, the cosmopolitanism of the New York population was fairly represented, with a predominance of the American element, for—according to an American gentleman then and there present, it is "only the Americans than can afford to play the gent at 3 o'clock of a weekday afternoon."

At the conclusion of Part I. it began to rain, and continued pretty heavily until the conclusion of Part II. This caused a general stampede in search of shelter; but the public not finding the shelter so convenient as desirable, concluded they might as well be wet standing to hear the music as running half a mile to find cars, and returned. The finest *morceau* of the programme was, to our mind, the *Overture to the Pretender*, by Kuchner. It is a *sinfonia* remarkable for the effective harmonic instrumentation of a rich, original melody. With this piece our citizens have not had any opportunity of becoming familiar, and we are satisfied the public would thank Mr. Dodworth for repeating it. The *Overture of the Pretender* and the five selections from Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch*, were the pieces with which the public expressed themselves the most gratified. After listening for two hours with an interest in the subject which, especially under the circumstance of a heavy shower, we never saw equaled in a European capital, the assemblage dispersed—evidently imbued with the conviction that the music in Central Park is one of the successes of New York civilization.

AMERICAN PIANISTS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Harry Sanderson is at present in London. We regret to say that reports as to his health are not very favorable. He will, however, shortly appear before a London audience in two concerts.

Mr. J. N. Pattison, the well-known pianist,

is also in London, and has determined to try his strength against the world-renowned players who make that city their home during the regular season. Mr. Pattison has points of excellence, and plays certain pieces in a manner which cannot fail to attract attention.

Mr. Richard Hoffman—who, as a pianist, has few superiors either in this country or in Europe—is on his way to England, where he purposes spending the Summer months. If his usual modesty does not stand in his way, he may play in London before his return here. Should he do so, we are satisfied that his advent will be hailed with pleasure both by the public and the press. The night previous to his leaving this city, his lady pupils engaged Dodworth's Band and gave him a very beautiful serenade—an attention that was a proof of the high estimation in which he is held.

ARTISTS SAID TO BE COMING.—It is said, upon good authority, that those excellent artists, Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed, will shortly visit this country. They are celebrated in England for their brilliant and popular Parlor Operas. They are the sole performers, but their talents are said to be so varied and so excellent that they attract crowded audiences nightly, and keep them charmed and delighted by the rare excellence of their personations and their vocal accompaniments.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, artists in precisely the same line as those above-mentioned, are also said to be coming here in the autumn. They are Americans, and have won brilliant reputations in England. Critical journals speak highly in their favor, and if they do come here, they will assuredly be heartily welcomed.

THE LATE ORPHEONIST FESTIVALS.—The subjoined polite recognition of Mr. Hopkins' exertions among the Charity Children, who assisted at the Orpheonist Festivals, is so rare an attention to a musical artist, especially when it is remembered from what social stripe it comes, that we cannot forbear copying it:

New York, June 19th, 1866.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS:

DEAR SIR: The Executive Committee of the Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum desire to express their sincere thanks for the gratuitous instruction afforded by you to the children of that institution the past season.

Excuse the tardiness of this acknowledgment. It should have reached you sometime ago; but various things have prevented its previous transmission, although it was never forgotten.

Respectfully yours,
[Signed] MARY H. LORD, Sec. &c.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S NEW POLKA.

[From The Stage.]

It seems scarcely half a season since John Brougham had made of every man one met a humming bird, and set the town singing the merry melody of his sparkling effervescent Bob-a-link polka, and now again his prolific and versatile genius has given birth to another

of those musical infants which seem to succeed each other with all the rapid luxuriance of the celebrated fruits in the enchanted garden,

Scarce one is gathered
Ere another grows.

This time he cannot plead the palliation of the young lady found in frailty, "it is only a very small one, Ma." The Scotia Polka is of more pretentious proportions than its predecessor, and is dedicated to Captain Judkins of the "Scotia," to whose able seamanship, crossing the ocean last October, New York is supposed to be indebted for the safe return of John Brougham—her special darling and delight—as well as of many of her fairest favorites of fashion. Great things from little things often arise, and this polka is whispered by the seamen of the "Scotia" to have caught its inspiration from a small squall which sported for a little while in romping dalliance with that gallant vessel off the coast of New Foundland, and which the imagination—some miscreants say the terrors—of Mr. Brougham immediately clothed with the dignity of a storm. All the various phases of "the gale," which occupied exactly the time consumed in the playing of the polka, are vividly pictured. "The tempest tumbles," "the wind whistles," "so does the bos'n," "the storm speaks," "the commodore commands." Mr. Brougham, in those trying moments of danger, in which woman looks to man for support and encouragement, bears himself with a calm fortitude and heroic composure which inspires confidence all over deck, "the rainbow smiles the storm into peace," "the squall is silent, so is the bos'n." Mr. Brougham's pent up feelings burst their barriers, he bursts into tears, he throws himself into the arms of some one near him, "general joy, drink, and various things of that class," &c.,—all pass before you with the wave of Mr. Stoepel's charmed wand. Captain Judkins himself, that brave old sea horse, who, when he snuffs the storm, cries ha! ha! and flings the ruffian waters like dewdrops from his mane, was present several evenings, and seemed to hugely relish the survey of the surrounding storm, and angry aspect of things in the orchestra, from the tranquil moorings of a private box. But, in sober earnest, "The Scotia" is a most charming, happy inspiration of one who seems destined, like his countryman, Sheridan, "to do many things better than any man of his time."

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

"Pocahontas" was performed last Monday evening at the Winter Garden, and, as I predicted, fun—unlimited and uproarious fun—was the consequence. There is a vein of humor in this burlesque that is always sure to test the risibilities of an audience to its utmost capacity, and although almost every play-goer knows the play and puns by heart, there is always a certain freshness about them that is perfectly irresistible and which carries away the audience in a burst of unbounded merriment and enthusiasm. Several new jokes of a local character have been added to the burlesque, all of which are in Mr. Brougham's happiest vein and call forth peals of laughter from the most sedate.

Mr. Brougham as the stern, but jolly, Indian parient is perfectly immense; the personation is the perfect acme of burlesque—the swaggering,